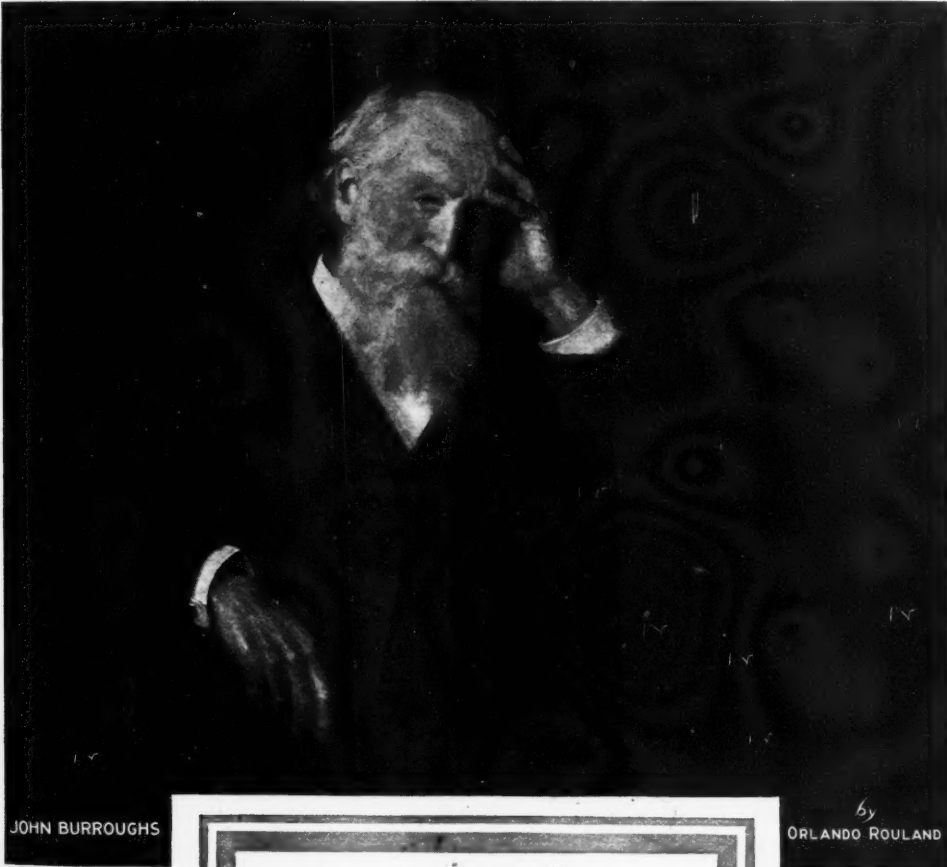


VOL. XI, No. 6

JUNE, 1921

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



JOHN BURROUGHS

by
ORLANDO ROULAND

Published by
THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

THIRTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS IN DOUBLETONE

ANNOUNCEMENT.

At the Annual Meeting of the Council of the Archaeological Institute of America in Baltimore, Dec. 28, 1920, the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, The Washington Society has informed the Council that it is convinced that its incorporation would be to the mutual advantage of the Society and the Institute.

Be It Resolved, That the Institute express its approval of such incorporation with the understanding that the said Society shall be as such in affiliation with the Institute.

Be It Resolved, That the title and control of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY are hereby transferred to the Washington Society when incorporated, and the President and Secretary are authorized to make such transfer of title.

Be It Resolved, That the existing arrangements as to ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY be maintained until July 1, 1921.

Under this resolution the Archaeological Society of Washington was incorporated in January 1921. ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY was formally transferred to the Society in February by the Officers of the Institute. Realizing that the conduct of the magazine is a large business responsibility the Board of Trustees approved the formation of a subsidiary corporation to conduct its affairs.

We quote from THE EVENING STAR, Washington, D. C., May 25:

"ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY PRESS" ORGANIZED.

Through the courtesy of Col. Robert M. Thompson, vice president, a business meeting of the Archaeological Society of Washington was held on his yacht, The Everglades, Monday afternoon, May 23, at 3:30 o'clock, during a trip down the Potomac to Mount Vernon and return. A large number of members were present.

In the absence of the president, Robert Lansing, Col. Thompson presided. The object of the meeting was to ratify the organization of a subsidiary business corporation, known as the Art and Archaeology Press, to handle the affairs of the magazine, Art and Archaeology, and to regulate the relations between the society and the magazine. The proposals approved by the board of trustees were unanimously confirmed by the members present.

The incorporators of the Art and Archaeology Press are Robert M. Thompson, J. Townsend Russell, Mrs. B. H. Warder, Frank Springer and Mitchell Carroll.

Among the original stockholders, in addition to the incorporators, are Robert Woods Bliss, Mrs. Mitchell Carroll, former Senator W. A. Clark, Miss Anne Darlington, F. Ward Denys, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, Philip S. Henry, Martin A. Knapp, Franklin MacVeagh, Mrs. F. B. Moran, Senator Lawrence C. Phipps, Francis M. Savage, Miss Mary A. Sharpe, Miss N. C. Williams and Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood, Mrs. F. A. Delano, Mr. T. B. Hutchinson, Mrs. Norman Williams.

The Press is capitalized at \$50,000, of which the first \$25,000 will be taken by members of the Archaeological Society of Washington, after which members and subscribers throughout the country will be given opportunity to participate. More than \$20,000 already is subscribed and it is predicted that the first issue will be oversubscribed by members of the Washington Society.

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ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOLUME XI

JUNE, 1921

NUMBER 6

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CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT by Sir Moses Ezekiel in the Arlington National Cemetery
Washington, D. C.

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME XI

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SIR MOSES EZEKIEL: AMERICAN SCULPTOR

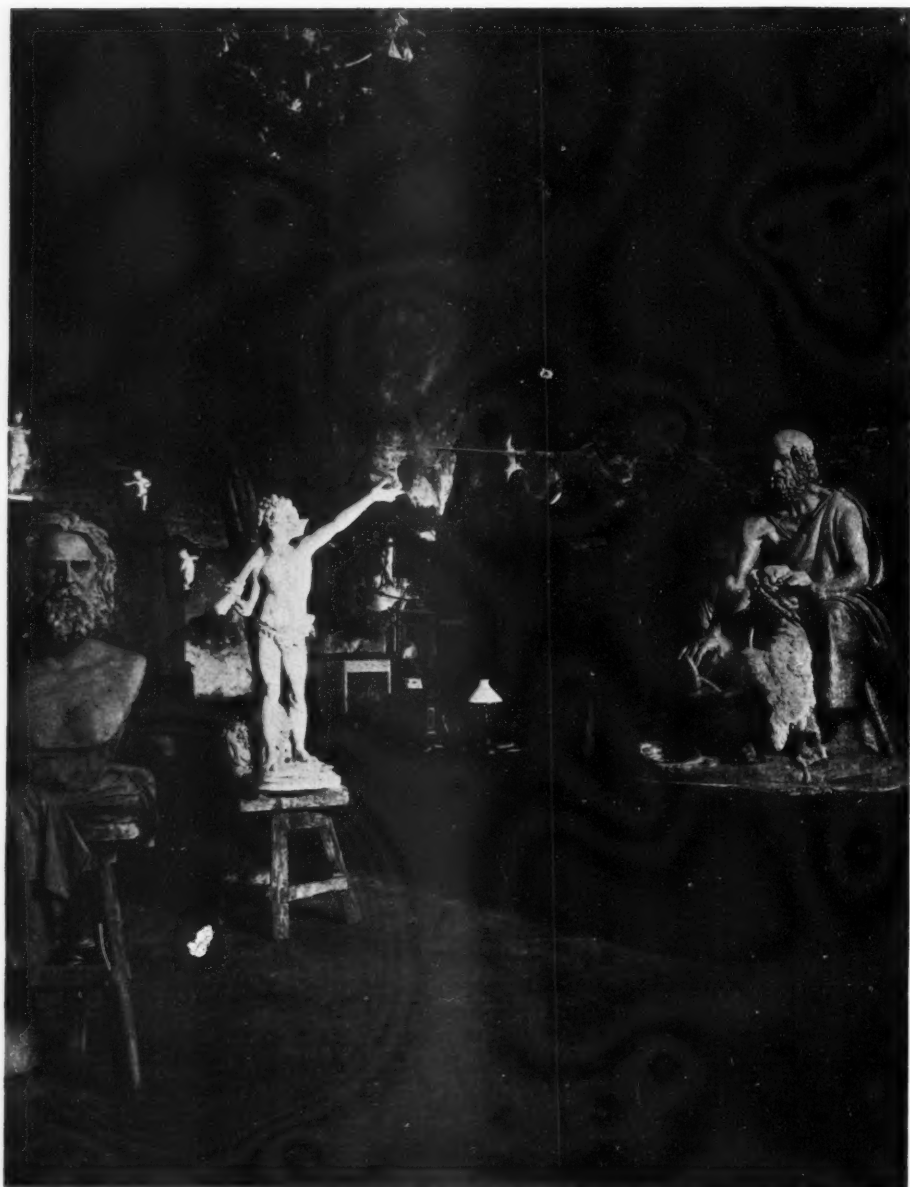
By HENRY K. BUSH-BROWN.¹

WE ARE assembled this day to do honor to one who by his own genius has gained the recognition of the world and the love of many friends, and we naturally pause to inquire on what food was this man nourished that he became so great. Born of a family of trades people there was certainly a vision in his mind as a child, and it is the vision of childhood when coupled with courage which makes for greatness.

MOSES JACOB EZEKIEL (known as Sir Moses Ezekiel), American Sculptor, was born in Richmond, Virginia, on October 28th 1844, the son of Jacob and Catherine de Castro Ezekiel. The first of the family in America was Ezekiel Jacob Ezekiel and Rebecca Israel Ezekiel, who came to this country from Amsterdam, Holland, and settled at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1808. These were the parents of Jacob Ezekiel, the father of Sir Moses Ezekiel. In early boyhood Moses Ezekiel manifested the greatest interest in the primary fields of art and when scarcely ten years of age

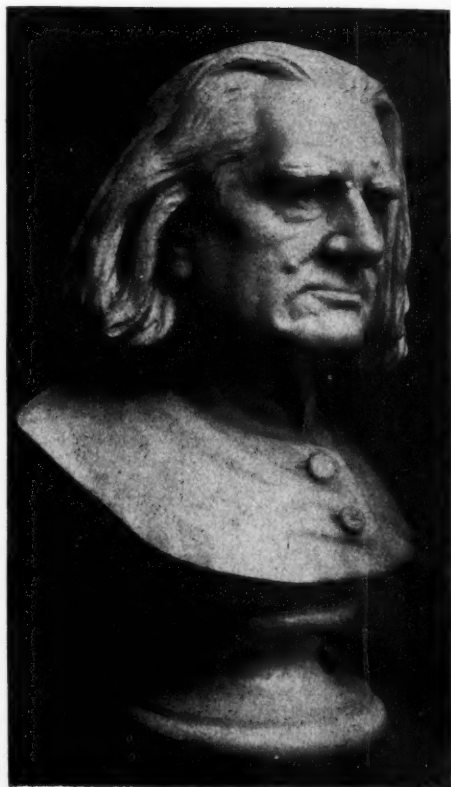
gave expression to his innate talent in the painting of panoramas and making moving figures and scenic dioramas, for the amusement of his family and friends. At the age of fourteen he had received an ordinary common school education, having devoted his spare time day and night in drawing, painting and writing poetry, and some of these early effusions were quite remarkable for such a mere youth. About this time he stopped school and determined to follow a mercantile life, but after a few years he tired of the monotony and usual routine of business affairs. In the year 1861, becoming imbued with the military spirit of that period, he entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington as a cadet, remaining there until the Institute was burned by the Union General Hunter in 1864 when he left with the Corps of Cadets for the field of action in the valley of Virginia and participated with them in the Battle of Newmarket, remaining in the Confederate Army until the close of the Civil War. In 1865 he again returned to the Institute and graduated with honors the following year. The re-

¹Address made on Wednesday evening, March 30th, 1921, at the Memorial Services in the Scottish Rite Temple, Washington, D. C.



A famous corner of the studio of Sir Moses Ezekiel in the Baths of Diocletian, Rome, Italy. Conspicuous are the "Homer" group, the statue of "David" and the bust of "Longfellow."

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Bust of the composer Franz Liszt, by Sir Moses Ezekiel.

verses met with by his family on account of the Civil War induced him again to re-commence his mercantile profession. On returning to Richmond in 1866 he soon tired of commercial affairs. He determined to adopt painting as a profession and executed some very creditable canvasses, among which was the "Prisoner's Wife" for Mrs. Mary Custis Lee, wife of the leader of the Southern armies, whose friendship and encouragement he had enjoyed while studying at Lexington where General Lee and his family resided. He soon, however, turned from the study of painting to that of sculpture, his first efforts being a bust of his

father and an ideal composition of "Cain, or, The Offering Rejected." His knowledge of anatomy being inadequate to the necessities of his future requirements for the study of art he entered the Medical College of Virginia for the regular course of lectures and study in "Anatomy and Dissection of the Human Body."

His removal to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1868 gave his purpose a new opportunity. There he studied drawing at an art school for a short period and worked in the studio of a local sculptor where he made a statuette entitled "Industry," which was publicly exhibited and favorably criticized.

It was but natural that his aspirations should direct his steps to Europe for his further training in what he intended as a profession and in the spring of 1869 we find him sailing for Germany, for it was in Berlin at the Royal Art Academy that his study and success brought him honor and a still broader opportunity. In the summer of 1873, at the age of 29 years, he gained the Michael-Beer Prize of Rome, which had never before been awarded to a foreigner, for his basso-relievo of "Israel," giving him two years study in the "Eternal City." He thereafter made Rome his home, with an occasional visit to Berlin his foster mother, to Paris where he had a studio also, and to America his native land.

While in Berlin, during his four years of study he executed several ideal works in marble for patrons there and also fulfilled quite a number of commissions for America. Thus, it may be said, he was the product of American freedom of thought and purpose plus the patronage of Germany and the inspiration of Italy.

It was then but natural that his art should follow the choicest classical



Colossal Marble Group of "Religious Liberty", by Sir Moses Ezekiel in front of Horticultural Hall, Fairmont Park, Philadelphia. Unveiled at the Centennial Exposition in 1876.



Recumbent Marble Statue of "Christ In The Tomb," in the Chapel of the Consolation, Rue Goujon, Paris, France, by Sir Moses Ezekiel. Deeply religious in his nature, it is quite significant that he, an Israelite, should give to the world one of the best interpretations of Christ.

lines and find its best and noblest expression in ideal subjects. The first and greatest one was the incarnation of an abstract idea as exemplified in the colossal marble group of "Religious Liberty" for the Centennial Exposition of 1876, which was permanently erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. His other most important works of this character are "Eve Hearing the Voice;" "Homer Reciting the Iliad;" "Apollo Listening to Mercury;" "David Returning from Victory;" "Art and Nature;" "The Fountain of Neptune;" "Christ in the Tomb;" "Napoleon at St. Helena;" "The Martyr, or Christ Bound to the Cross;" "Pan and Amor;" "Ecce Homo;" "David Singing his Song of Glory;" "Judith Slaying Holofernes;" "Jessica;" "Portia," and others. He made eleven decorative heroic portrait statues of the greatest painters and sculptors for the old Corcoran Art Gallery building of Washington; the "Stonewall Jackson" statue for Charleston, West Virginia, and a replica for Lexington, Virginia; the allegorical Jefferson Monument for Louisville, Kentucky, and a replica in front of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville; "Virginia Mourning

Her Dead" at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington; the "Confederate Outlook" at Johnson's Island, Lake Erie; the Lord Sherbrooke Memorial in Westminster Abbey, London, England; bronze seated public statues of Anthony J. Drexel in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, of Senator Daniels at Lynchburg, Virginia, of Edgar Allan Poe (his last work) for Baltimore, Maryland, and others.

He excelled in portrait busts and executed many of them in marble and bronze; that of "Washington," now in the Cincinnati Art Museum, giving him his professional start in Berlin. Those of Franz Liszt and Cardinal Gustave von Hohenlohe gained for him the Knighthood for "Science and Art," and many other very notable men and women sat to him for portrait busts and relievos. He was accorded the rank of "Chevalier" by King Victor Emmanuel and later received the title of "Officer of the Crown of Italy" from King Humbert. He received medals from the Royal Art Association of Palermo, the Raphael Medal of Urbino, medals of honor and honorary membership from many other Art Institutions, Societies, and Expositions.



THOMAS JEFFERSON MONUMENT by Sir Moses Ezekiel, in front of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. A replica of this monument is also in front of the City Hall at Louisville, Ky.

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Marble relief—"Confession." M. Ezekiel, Berlin, 1873.
Professor Leo's Collection, Potsdam, Germany.

While these successes brought him deserving recognition from the highest art authorities, it is nevertheless the man and the artist to whom we are paying tribute today, for what he was is quite as important as what he did.

He established his studio in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, a most spacious place, and the simplicity and greatness of the man was manifest everywhere in the Eternal City. Here he welcomed all alike whether great or lowly, and he was always ready to give aid and encouragement to young students who came to him for advice.

Every Friday afternoon Ezekiel kept open house for

his friends and here one heard the finest music by the greatest talent and met not only the best people of Rome, but also eminent strangers who might be visiting the city from all parts of the world. Therefore, an invitation from him was one of the prized artistic opportunities of Rome. Here the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal Household were frequent visitors. It was in this quaint and unique abode that he liked to show to his friends and visitors remarkable rare examples of ancient art, including many Greek and Roman fragments, which, together with this part of the Roman Baths themselves, contributed in no little degree



Marble relief—"Consolation." M. Ezekiel, Berlin, 1873.
Professor Leo's Collection, Potsdam, Germany.

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VIRGINIA MOURNING HER DEAD.

Colossal bronze statue by Sir Moses Ezekiel, Rome, erected on campus in front of main building of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington in memory of the Cadets of the V. M. I. who fell at the battle of Newmarket, Va. in 1864.

to the nobility of the setting in which art, music, and beauty were most happily combined with living forms of foliage, flowers and birds.

Early in this Roman life he made the acquaintance of Franz Liszt, the eminent musical composer, and Cardinal Gustave von Hohenlohe, the Papal representative of Austria. An intimate friendship grew up between these three

which lasted throughout their lives. They formed in themselves a lovely trinity of Art, Music and Religion, as between man and man, and it is quite natural that his portrait busts of these two notables should be among his best works. Besides the winters in "The Eternal City" these three famous friends had frequently their summers in the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, that sumptuous palace and home of the Cardinal. In such a soil and in such an atmosphere was the sensitive soul of Ezekiel nourished. What more could a profound artist ask, greater than these, for the growth of the spirit?

After a residence of over thirty years in the Baths of Diocletian it nearly broke his heart to have the Government demand the possession of this part of the ruins as an adjunct to the National Museum. On leaving there he was given by the municipal authorities the Tower of Belisarius on the Pincian Hill overlooking the Borghese Gardens, which furnished him a home for the rest of his years, while he took a studio and work rooms in the Via Fausta just off the Piazza del Popolo.

However, this disappointment had its redeeming side, for in consequence at this time he took occasion to visit America and while in his native country received the commission to execute the Confederate Soldiers Monument, which has served today, in a measure, as his tomb, in the Arlington National Cemetery—this monument and that of Edgar Allan Poe,¹ for Baltimore, being his last important works.

Ezekiel was helpful and generous to the poor, a friend to everyone, and by his works calls all who follow after him to the service of man for better and higher ideals.

Washington, D. C.

¹See ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, vol. V no. 5 (May 1917) pp. 306-308.



Lake of Nemi in the Alban Hills. It was in the bottom of this lake that the remains of the two ships belonging to the time of the Roman Emperor Caligula were found. The banks are 330 feet in height and the waters of the lake are over 100 feet in depth.

THE ALBAN LAKES

By MARY MENDENHALL PERKINS.

"I SAW something in the Museo delle Terme yesterday, of singular interest," observed my companion, as we chatted about our recent respective Roman wanderings.

"What was it?" I asked.

"Those bronze mooring rings and ornaments from the two ships which were discovered in the bottom of Lake Nemi, in the Alban Hills."

"Yes, I saw those, and I saw, too, some heavy beams of larchwood, one of them eighty-five feet long, which came from one of these same ships."

"Let's take a day off from museums and churches and visit the Alban lakes tomorrow," she suggested.

"Agreed," I replied gladly.

The Alban Mountains, with their extinct volcano of Monte Cavo, are still frequently reminded of their volcanic origin through the medium of an occasional earthquake, while the two lakes, Albano and Nemi, without doubt, occupy the beds of two craters.

The region about Frascati, has always, owing to its height and situation, been a healthful district, abounding in springs, and enjoying the benefits of luxuriant cultivation. Alban wine, as we know, was famous even in antiquity. Both Frascati and Albano, near these lakes, have been surrounded since the most ancient times, with the country houses of wealthy Romans.

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Bronze mooring-ring from one of the ships sunk in the bottom of Lake Nemi in the time of Caligula. It is of perfect workmanship and may be seen today in the Museo delle Terme, in Rome.

"No wonder the region is so full of fascination for the student," I said. "It is the human interest, after all, that adds the greatest charm to these scenes."

"Yes," replied my friend, "it makes very real the great men who once were a part of it all, who belonged to this very soil."

As we left Frascati behind us and took the road to Lake Albano, we passed a fountain with a large reservoir, at which a number of the country women, wearing the picturesque Alban costume, were washing and beating their clothes, talking, laughing, exchanging the gossip of the day, and making a pleasure of their labor.

We drove along this beautiful road, in the early spring-time, with Monte Cavo towering above us, and came suddenly into full view of the Lake of Albano. Its deep, clear, oval basin,

flowering banks, rich, green ilex and cypress trees made a picture of enduring beauty. We passed Castel Gondolfo, the pope's summer residence, which he never visits now, and entered Albano by a long avenue of noble ilex trees. It is said there is no more remarkable antiquity in the world than the emissarium, or outlet of the Alban lakes. This was made four hundred years before the Christian era. It is a tunnel a mile and a half long, bored through solid rock of the mountain of Albano, and built of masonry. It was made to carry off the waters of the lake which had risen to such a height that they threatened the whole plain of Latium, and Rome itself, with inundation.

At this time Rome was besieging the Etruscan city of Veii, twelve miles to the north. The Delphic oracle being consulted, said that Rome would never be safe or Veii conquered, 'til the waters of the Alban were made to flow into the sea. As it occupied the bed of an old volcanic crater, it had, up to this time, no visible outlet. So the Romans inspired by fear of defeat and destruction, undertook, and carried through, the gigantic work within a year. After the lapse of twenty-three hundred years, it still carries the surplus waters of the Alban lakes to the sea. As the channel is only six feet high and three and a half wide, it is said but three men could work in it at one time. Piranesi says they must have bored deep pits, in several places in the mountain, to the proper level and let men down to work at it. The strong arch of masonry at its mouth is a proof that the structure of the arch was known to the Romans as early as 400 B. C.

A little farther on we saw along the shore of the lake, some high artificial caves or grottoes, hollowed out of the

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rocky, steep banks, called by the natives, the "Bagni di Diana" or the "Baths of Diana." They are thought to be the remains of a nymphaeum, or summer retreat, constructed by the Emperor Domitian.

The nymphae of ancient times were usually made in the sides of steep hills; certainly no more delightful place for one could be found than the shore of the Alban Lake.

The Emperor Domitian had a magnificent villa on this lake; portions of its ruins being visible yet in the extensive grounds of the Villa Barberini. The villa of Domitian included those of Clodius and Pompey. The most curious part to be seen today is a long crypto-portico, or underground passage-way. Cicero called the villa, "Clodius's insane structure."

The present Villa Barberini follows, in its general plan, the outline of the glorious villa of Domitian. Many of the ancient walls, terraces and other ruins are so concealed by a thick growth of ivy, ferns and evergreens, that one feels rather than sees, the antiquity of the place. It is said that no tree, flower or bird that is not purely of classic times seems to be allowed to live in this once imperial domain. No flowers adorn the emerald green of the lawns, except the classic rose and violet.

Lanciani, the greatest archaeologist in Rome today, says that the view from the Villa Barberini, commands more classic history "as it stretches far away from the foot of the Alban Hills to the Mediterranean, from the promontory of Circe to Mt. Soracte, from Ostia to the Tiber and Rome, than in all other districts of Italy together."

To reach Lake Nemi, we followed an ancient road which led over an imposing viaduct spanning the gorge between

Albano and Ariccia, two hundred feet to the bottom of it! Ariccia was the fifth station on the Appian Way, which is remembered as the place where Horace spent the first night of his journey to Brundisium. The women of Ariccia and Genzano, on Lake Nemi, are famed for their beauty.

The beautiful little Lake of Nemi, was once the crater of an active volcano. It is somewhat smaller than the Lake of Albano, more nearly round, and sunk more deeply in its woody banks; so deeply indeed that it is said no wind ever ruffles its glossy surface. The ancient poets called it, "Diana's Mirror"; this from a temple to the Scythian Diana, on the north side of the lake, where, at that time, was only a dense forest. Of this temple only ruins remain.

The rule of this sanctuary by the Lake of Nemi, was truly barbaric, and worthy of the Scythians, for no one could be elected High Priest of the Temple, unless he had slain, in single combat, with his own hands, his predecessor, who had won the office in the same manner. Imagine the state of terror in which the pagan priests must have lived. This dreadful rite was continued down to the time of Marcus Aurelius, in the second century of the Christian era.

Archaeologists tell us that this lake was formed hundreds of years before the extinction of the last volcano in the Alban Mountains. One can imagine what an awe-inspiring place it must have been to the worshippers in the Temple of Diana. The borders of the lake, covered with its thick forest must have echoed and re-echoed to the rumbling and frightful outbursts of the nearby Monte Pila. We are told that the ashes and smoke filled the sky and the echoes from cliff to cliff and from

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mountain to mountain were heard as far as Rome.

Perhaps the most interesting thing connected with this lake today, was the discovery some years ago, of the two ships at the bottom of the lake which is over one hundred feet deep. The ships, relics of which had formed the immediate cause of this pilgrimage of ours, are of great size and rich in various kinds of ornament. They were doubtless launched in the luxurious time of Caligula, nearly two thousand years ago. Many attempts have been made during the last five hundred years to bring them to the surface, but so far, without success, as they are deeply imbedded in the silt and mud of the lake. By an ingenious arrangement of floaters, tied to strong cords, the other ends of the latter fastened around the sides of the sunken ship, the exact shape and outline of these boats were obtained. One of the ships was thus found to be two hundred, the other two hundred and fifty feet long.

For the fourth time, the raising of the submerged craft was tried in 1895, with better results than formerly. The decks of the first boat examined by the divers must have been a marvelous sight; evidently money had not been spared to make them wonderfully beautiful. They were paved with disks of porphyry, and serpentine, two of the rarest marbles, about a quarter of an inch thick, framed in lines of white, gold, red and green enamel. The parapet and railings were all heavily

gilded; the lead pipes which had carried the water to the fountain on deck, were inscribed with the name of Caligula, Roman Emperor. The beautiful bronze mooring-rings from the first ship, to be seen in the Museo delle Terme today, include lions, wolves and tiger's heads, also a fine head of Medusa, in bronze. A large number of Larch-wood beams, which we saw in the same museum, were brought up partially broken.

On the second ship, marble terraces, enameled decks, shrines and fountains, were discovered, with what had once been hanging gardens.

"How," asked my friend, "were two such large ships ever launched on this small lake, with its steep banks, hundreds of feet to the waters' edge?"

"No one, even among our learned archaeologists, has answered that question yet," I replied.

"Of course there are many opinions and theories, but thus far they are only surmises. The wisest of them all, Lanciani, says he believes the ships were used for religious ceremonies connected with the Temple of Diana, and for combined processions on land and water."

When these ships are floated again, if they ever are, perhaps discoveries will be made, then, which will reveal to us the mystery of their origin and, it may be, tell us, too, what fates conspired to bring about their end.

Los Angeles, California.



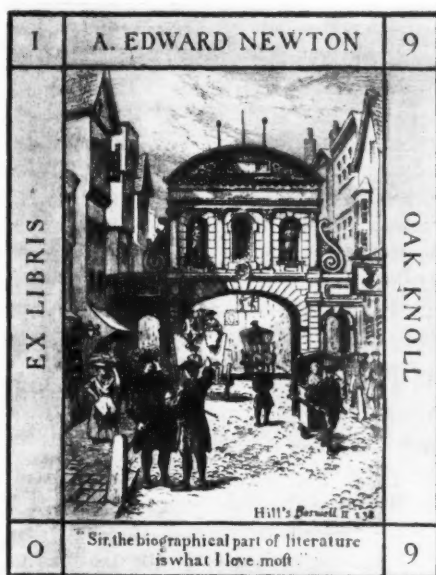
SOME LITERARY BOOKPLATES

By ALFRED FOWLER.

THE HIGHWAYS of Literary Bookplates have been well and truly explored but many byways of untold charm and happiness are still uncharted. The bookplates of literary people are usually "association copies" but some of them bear more clearly than others the sign manual of individuality. Towering head and shoulders above the majority of its fellows—always provided a bookplate may have head and shoulders—may be found the design used by A. Edward Newton of *Amenities of Book-Collecting* fame.

For bookplates some people choose posters, others choose engravings after the fashion of their silver plate, whilst still others seem to prefer merely to enhance the decoration of their books by adding some conventional ornament. But, whatever the motif, whatever the mode, a wise man like Mr. Newton chooses a design he will always cherish. The wise man's bookplate has an individuality and permanency which, like his choice of books, reflects his own character.

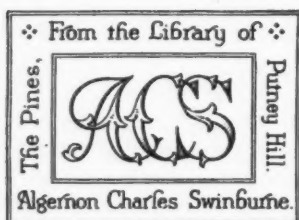
As one would expect, Mr. Newton's bookplate is of Johnsonian interest and depicts an incident in Boswell. Johnson and Goldsmith were standing in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey when Johnson quoted, "*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.*" (Perhaps some day our names will mingle with these.) On their way home they noticed the heads of some traitors spiked on Temple Bar and, probably with thoughts of their own Jacobite tendencies in mind, Goldsmith paraphrased the quotation, "Perhaps some day our heads will mingle with those!"



The bookplate of Algernon Charles Swinburne is typical of his attitude toward his books during those last years "the little old genius and his little old acolyte" (Watts-Dunton) spent in their "dull little villa" in Putney. When Fitzmaurice-Kelly complimented the poet on his collection of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists Swinburne said, "Yes! not bad for a poor man," and so it was with his bookplate except the bookplate would not have been bad for a rich man who really loved his books.

Being a severely simple typographical label, the bookplate's interest lies purely in its association with its genius owner who withdrew more and more into his books as deafness and the beneficent tyranny of Watts-Dunton overwhelmed

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him at "The Pines." No far stretch of the imagination is required to visualize the poet pasting his emblem of esteem—for was he not giving it his own name?—into a newly acquired and much beloved Elizabethan quarto just added to that select company which had become such a real part of himself in those last years of seclusion.

That Swinburne was a great admirer of Victor Hugo is attested by the fact that he called Hugo "the greatest man born since the death of Shakespeare." Whether or not we fully agree with that opinion, most of us will admit being very much interested in Hugo's life and work, although all too few of us are acquainted with his bookplate made in July, 1870, by Aglaüs Bouvenne and sent to him as one of the countless gifts received during his "glorious exile" in Guernsey. We may well believe that such a staunch advocate of the utility of the beautiful made good use of the bookplate in the small but select working library of "The Lookout" on the roof of Hauteville House. Here the red-robed figure worked incessantly, standing before a little shelf high on the wall, magically transmuting bottles of ink into golden fruit.

The bookplate is a result of the artist's admiration for *Les Châtiments*, "a book written in lightning" as Swinburne says, and shows Notre Dame de Paris in a storm-shadowed background with a streak of lightning flashing across the foreground and bearing the name "Victor Hugo." There is also an im-

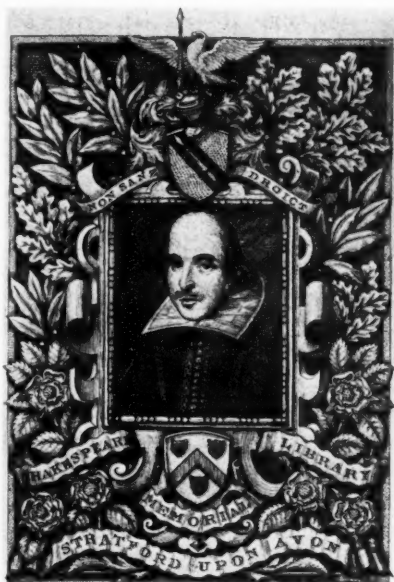
aginary bookplate in existence which Hugo never saw or used and which depicts a frog on a ledge over the water, looking at the setting sun in which appears the name "Hugo."

Speaking of Shakespeare calls to mind the two superb bookplates the late C. W. Sherborn, R. E., engraved for the Shakespeare Memorial Library and the Shakespeare's Birthplace Library at Stratford-upon-Avon. These two bookplates were engraved by Mr. Sherborn in his best style, that for the Birthplace Library reproducing the interior of the room in which the bard is said to have been born whilst the bookplate for the Memorial Library reproduces the Droeshout portrait perfectly in a space less than an inch and a half high!

Around the portrait is a frame of beautiful roses and leaves from the forest of Arden and just above the portrait are the Shakespeare arms with the old motto, "*Non sans droict*." A Baconian with a fair degree of confidence in



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Shakespeare's integrity must find considerable food for thought in that motto—"Nothing without Right"!

Mr. T. Sturge Moore, that genius so talented in poesy as well as art, has made only a few bookplates but all of them are rare examples of what a vital piece of art a bookplate can be in the hands of a master. Mr. Moore always combines his own ideas with those of his friends in making bookplates for them. Thus the bookplate of W. B. Yeats is doubly interesting as a literary bookplate since it combines in a "sweet wedding of simplicity" the ideas of its poet owner and its poet-artist maker. The design has precisely the feeling one would expect to find in the personal mark of the author of *Deirdre* and *The Host of the Air*.

On one side we see a full-formed maiden reaching for the overflowing flagon of life whilst, on the other side, the empty bowl is being reluctantly put down by a hooded, wasted figure of age,

symbolical of life and of its fullness and emptiness at once. A vignette in the center recalls the *Rose of Shadow* where "suddenly the thatch at one end of the roof rolled up, and the rushing clouds . . . seemed to be lost in a formless mass of flame which roared but gave no heat, and had in the midst of it the shape of a man crouching on the storm."

The bookplate Mr. Sturge Moore has made for Campbell Dodgson is another particularly fine creation, this time combining the ideas of two ardent enthusiasts of wood-engraving with the happy results one might justly expect. Mr. Dodgson, who is the Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, has written a great deal about wood-engraving and other branches of art, especially the work of Albrecht Dürer. "Diligence Taming the Passions" is the subject of the design in which the poet-artist has given full play to his mastery



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of design and of the art of engraving on wood, resulting in a little masterpiece that will rank with the chosen few as time goes on. The lettering and border were added when the bookplates were printed at the Eragny Press.

A shepherd in a leafy bower whiling away the dreamy noontide charmed by the piping of Pan was Edmund Clarence Stedman's idea of an idyllic existence. The motto on the bookplate of this anomalous genius who once characterized himself as "a man of letters among men of the world, and a man of the world among men of letters," gives another interesting glimpse of his real character. The motto "*Le cœur au métier*," which may be freely translated "With your heart in your work" echoed his heartfelt sentiments and

reflected a hidden strength which drove him to wrestle with Commerce to gain the leisure to woo the Muses. When he sought refuge at Kelp Rock from the stormy existence at the Stock Exchange it is easy to believe that he derived an immense amount of satisfaction from a possession which so constantly reminded him of his ideal. On opening a book, even a glance at the little bookplate would do much toward establishing that peaceful state of mind he sought.

Stedman's verse and criticism testify to his ability as a man of letters whilst his popularity with his business associates led them, after his death, to subscribe a fund to furnish a room in the Keats-Shelley house at Rome in perpetuation of his memory. The Keats-Shelley Memorial, in this connection, has an unusual bookplate engraved on wood by Timothy Cole after a design by Howard Pyle which is one of only eight designs for bookplates by that artist.

A comprehensive paper on Literary Bookplates would include an almost endless list of authors' bookplates and



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EX LIBRIS



KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

would be about as useless as those check-lists which are so dear to the



hearts of collectors. In this small space the attempt has been to deal with a few exceptional devices which stand out from their fellows as affording otherwise closed vistas of their owners' lives and characters. The field has not been exhausted—indeed the surface has barely been scratched!—and it may be possible to deal with additional examples in the future if the subject should be found of sufficient interest.

Kansas City, Mo.





William Rush carving his figure "Leda and the Swan" for the fountain in the garden at Penn Square where the first pumping station of the Philadelphia Water Works was located. The painting is by Thomas Eakens.

WILLIAM RUSH

THE EARLIEST NATIVE-BORN AMERICAN SCULPTOR

By WILFRED JORDAN.

WHEN OUR ancestors came to America they brought with them only a few essential household goods and for a considerable period were unable to supplement these, except with the plainest and most necessary things of their own manufacture. Later, as conditions became more settled our early craftsmen found opportunity to beautify their work and these efforts mark the beginning of American Art. The craft of the wood carver in early times being a luxury rather than a necessity, its development was slow, and only became stabilized when our cities began to grow and general prosperity was established.

The names of the most of these artists in wood have long been forgotten but one stands out preeminent as the master of them all, William Rush. Born in Philadelphia, in 1756, he was apprenticed while a mere lad to Edward Cutbush, a carver from London, and developed such remarkable aptitude that it was not long before he was "rewarded by a large and lucrative business in the designing of figureheads for ships."

In such times as Rush could snatch from his occupation, he executed a creditable number of pieces of sculpture. Of these the best known are his figures of "George Washington" and "Leda and the Swan" (sometimes called the "Nymph and the Bittern" and "The Spirit of the Schuylkill.") Both of these examples of his work are in the National Museum collection at Independence Hall.

In more than forty biographical and historical works in which William Rush

is mentioned, the names of his parents or descendants are not given. "The son of a ship carpenter," "Third child of a family," "The only child of a ship carpenter," so his biographers state; agreeing, however, that he was born in Philadelphia July 4, 1756, and died there



Liberty crowning Washington the latest Rush find. Now on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

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January 17, 1833. Few of the details of Rush's life have been preserved in any form. The best sketch of him, though very brief is to be found in William Dunlap's *Arts of Design*.

To see any of the work of Cutbush, to whom Rush was apprenticed, is to realize that he was chiefly self-taught, and in spite of his limitations his work displays a depth and breadth of artistic feeling and understanding that are truly remarkable in view of his restricted opportunities.

His figurehead of the "Indian Trader" for the ship *William Penn* was so true to life that the wood carvers of London would come in row boats and lay near the vessel and sketch designs from it, they even made plaster casts of the head. His figure of "The Genius of the United States" for the frigate *United States*, his "Nature" on the frigate *Constellation*, and his "America," a female figure crowned with laurel decorating the frigate *America* launched in 1782. All were of chaste design and of great strength. Of his "River God" on the ship *Ganges*, Charles Willson Peale said, "Its beautifully proportioned moulding forms a face that seems 'petrified by the sentiment of the Infinite;' one is impelled to reverence."

Besides numerous real and mythical characters, Rush also executed admirable busts.

What is interesting and not generally known is that many of his works are still preserved, and in a remarkable state of preservation, considering the usage many have received.

A list of his carvings which have been identified by the writer and not already mentioned, follows:

Full-length figures of "Wisdom," "Justice," "Winter," "The Schuylkill" (river), "Chained," "The Schuylkill



Original head of Leda from the wood carved figure of Leda and the swan by William Rush. The rest of the figure has been destroyed.

Freed," "Comedy," "Tragedy," "The American Eagle," "Commerce," "Labor," "Peace," "War," and "Liberty Crowning Washington"—a recent discovery, now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

The biggest group of these is at the Old Fairmount Water Works, Philadelphia, now the New Municipal Aquarium. Here repose "Wisdom" and "Justice," both colossal figures carved for the occasion of Lafayette's visit to Philadelphia in 1824. Originally these were placed on a triumphal arch in front of Independence Hall. "Justice" leans on a shield with balance and scales; "Wisdom" looks into a mirror, which she holds in her right hand, a serpent coils down her left arm its head within the grasp of her half-closed hand.

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Rush gave an exhibition of his work at the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts, in 1812, which included busts of Linnaeus, William Bartram, Henry Muhlenberg, two busts of William Penn, a bust of himself, and busts of Voltaire, Franklin, Rousseau and Lafayette; also, statues of ideal figures: "Architecture," "Exhortation," "Praise," "Cherubim," "Agriculture," and "Christ on the Cross."

It is very easy to analyze Rush's style and to pick hall-marks for identification; he had his favorite motifs and designs; his proportions were nearly perfect, his details fine. In almost every case his figures were hollow, wherever the proportions admitted, even in the arms and feet; and each section was

carefully fitted with long wooden dowels and then glued together. There is evidence that he treated the hollow parts of his figures to help preserve them, using cedar oil or bees' wax for that purpose.

Dunlap tells us: "His time would never permit or he would have worked in marble. He used to say it was immaterial what the substance was, the artist must see distinctly the figure in the block."

It is impossible to find in America better expressions of the woodworker's art than the work of this genius who may be truthfully called the earliest native-born American sculptor.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

RUS IN URBE

Song for City Folk in the Spring-time.

*And, oh, where'er the Sunset trails
Beauty inheres,
Whether o'er land the daylight fails
Or on shimmering meres;
E'en these small squares of city grass,
Emerald and gold,
In magery of web surpass
Famed meads of old.
And, oh, where'er Youth doth abound
Love hath delight,
Whether of low, near to the ground,
or of the height!
Humble, indeed, who, hand in hand,
Walk through the streets;
Yet glance and touch make fairyland
As the heart beats!*

HARVEY M. WATTS.

GLIMPSES INTO GREEK ART

By FREDERICK POULSEN.

IN ONE of the cabinets of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is exhibited a gold ring with an engraved bezel, representing a young woman who has thrown her dress over a chair and now stands, lifting her arms in sheer joy of the pliant strength of her young body. Judging by its style it was executed in the fifth century B. C. by a Greek artist, but there is something so fresh and engaging in the figure that after two thousand years its charm is still felt by the spectator. I wonder how many persons in the busy and restless crowds of New York know of the existence of this little work of art which after many travels has come to rest in the heart of their city, reminding them of the joys to be gained from the memory of their past. No one can escape sorrow, but it is in the power of everyone to fill his leisure hours with the pleasure to be found in the artistic creations of man. It is the dream of the artist that his work shall lighten the daily life of the generations to come. But the artist is powerless without the help of others who guard and transmit what he has made. A poet's songs will not be remembered and treasured by generation after generation unless lovers of poetry, year by year, bear witness to the worth of their treasures. As with poetry, so it is with painting. During the period of the Renaissance it was seen that life became more vivid, that new sources of pleasure were opened through the study and appre-



ciation of the art of antiquity, study aimed not at imitation, but pursued for inspiration in art, and for the adornment of everyday life. And to this very day intellectual Europe is living on that inheritance. Its historians are the enemies of corruption, the servants of immortality, the steadfast, chivalrous guard of the great memories of life and art.

But the muse of history is like the fairy who lures her knight deeper and deeper into the charmed mountain. Imperceptibly it leads the inquirer from art to life, from the great events and persons of the past to the commonplaces of its everyday life. In this change of view the excavation and re-discovery of the lost ancient cities Herculaneum and Pompeii formed the turning-point, by bringing to the investigators of the eighteenth century the problem of interpreting life as lived in these old towns, in the artistic dwellings of the aristocracy as well as in the mean garrets of the common people. The discoveries did away with the erroneous conception of the Greeks as a chosen people, endowed by the gods with superiority both in art and in science. And how much has been added by later investigation, how much both of light and shade has been brought out in the picture? What a revelation it is when, through the inscriptions from the temple of Asklepios in Epidaurus, we learn of a popular ignorance and superstition against which the contemporary works of a Plato and an Aristotle are thrown into strong relief. That students have sometimes gone too far in recording commonplace facts must be admitted, but the final decision in this matter does

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not rest with the layman. He must content himself with the assurance that not all secrets, not all peccadillos are recorded, and it is possible to commit even a great many follies which will disappear into the common grave of time, leaving no trace behind. But does anything remain of special and exclusive value in the Greeks and in Greek art when the soul of their people is thus placed under the microscope of scientific investigation? Greek sculpture cannot be denoted simply as classical and contrasted with realism and romanticism. Art was only classical in the fifth century and during a small part of the fourth century B. C. During the remainder of the fourth century and the whole of the Hellenistic period we see Greek art pass through all stages from extreme realism to romantic pathos, from charming, often superficial, conventionality to the expression of the most intense feeling, thus including as many living and individual forms as are possible within the limits of the art of sculpture. Hellenistic art embraces not only representations of street characters and intoxicated crones but also the theatrical contortion of Laocoön. The contrast between ancient and modern sculpture lies not in the style or technique, since we find styles ranging from the baroque to dry classicism, and we find great variety both in the treatment of material and in the employment of tools. The contrast, as the English archaeologist, Guy Dickins, who lost his life in the World War, has so well said, lies only in the psychological relation of the people to art. In modern times, which we may consider as beginning with ancient Rome, the mass of the people are indifferent to works of art. It would be no punishment to exile a man of the people to a town de-

void of statues and paintings. He would not suffer consciously either in his spiritual or his bodily well-being. Even in the time of the Renaissance, which was much keener in its enthusiasm for art than the present time, it did not make any difference in a man's emotional attitude toward life whether he lived in a town full of paintings or in one where there were only a few, for even paintings, which the present time understands far better than sculpture, are only considered a handsome supplement to good furniture, not as a vital necessity. Art is a beautiful by-product of human activity, but can be dispensed with in modern opinion. But to the ancient Greeks art was more than a luxury and an ornament of life; and even to a common Greek exile to a city without statues would have been a terrible punishment. It would have meant to him banishment to a desert of ungodliness, and a life without religion. The religious feelings of the Greeks were not satisfied by ceremonies and edifying speeches. The temples of the gods and their glorious images were to him the real edification. Again the local patriotism of the Greek demanded statues of the heroes of the city, the strong and mighty men whose power endured even after death; and how could the city's pride, the victors in the games, be remembered unless there were statues representing them in their triumphant youth? The Nike of Samothrace was to the Greek not only a masterpiece of sculpture, but victory itself which produced in his mind the emotion which prayers and hymns bring to the mind of a Christian. There is, then, in Greek art a nucleus of deep seriousness. Of course, one smiled at caricature, just as one laughed in the theatre at the misfortunes of Herakles and Dionysos in a comedy of

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Aristophanes. What could not be endured was frivolity in the deeper sense. There were dogmas in Greek art which were just as little shaken by caricature as the dogmas of the Middle Ages were touched by satires or comedies in which the devil played a comic part. But just as the Church showed a stern face if too many liberties were taken, so the Greek would have felt the modern pursuit of various styles, from impressionism to futurism and cubism, to be blasphemy, and would have heard with anger the constantly recurring phrase of modern critics: "the sensa-

tion of this exhibition." For this reason Greek art is like a spacious and cool temple free from the contamination of the people as well as from the scented air of the boudoir. Good and evil were to the Greek equivalent to beauty and ugliness, and there was no good taste, because bad taste was altogether unknown. And that is why we shall always fall back upon Greek art, however much modern art may strive and experiment to the farthest bounds of extravagance.

Ny-Carlsberg Glyptothek, Copenhagen.

ON A SAROUK RUG

*Rose and blue and gold!
It lies under the lamps
And carpets my room
With the evocation
Of gardens long dust
And hours long dark.
Rose:
Edge of dawn
Above black trees.
Blue and gold:
White-starred midnights
And smoke of desert fires
Lance-straight on guard
By sleeping caravans.
Pomegranates forever out of reach
Of gilded tortoise,
Roses of Iran
And ghost-pale almond branch
Forever still in a breezeless close.*

** * * * **
*Thrum,
Thrum.
The sitar's empty voice in tune—
Thru the dissolving years
Breaks the high, thin tinkle
Of many bracelets,*

*Gleams the white flutter
Of ardent feet
Like seeking butterflies
In the soft rose and gold
Of this Sarouk garden place.
O lotus-white and pink,
O breeze-blown curve of open arms!
The Eastern sun
Slants thru palace windows
Lights your sweet, child mouth,
Your rose-tipped hands;
Lights your waving grace
As you sway
Like some wondrous passion-flower
Sprung from the glowing garden
Of this ancient Sarouk rug.*

** * * * **
*O Persian love of mine—
How long ago your little feet
Pressed this rose and blue and gold!
And still you answer dream with dream
And keep your nightly tryst
When an imagined sitar
Thrums its fevered beat
In the heart of your Western lover,
Come too late.*

H. H. BELLAMANN.

CARICATURE AND THE GROTESQUE IN ART

By ALFRED J. LOTKA.

IT HAS been remarked that most disquisitions on humor bear the stamp of having been written by persons themselves somewhat lacking in the sense of humor. Schopenhauer, to whom we owe a classic on the subject, cites, as an example of the ludicrous, the appearance presented by the tangent meeting the circumference of a circle. Having delivered himself of this brilliant example of the ludicrous, he proceeds to analyse why it should be so funny. In justice to Schopenhauer be it said that some of the other examples which he condescendingly adduces "in order to come to the assistance of the mental inertness of the reader," are genuinely funny and elicit a hearty laugh.

The fact, of course, is that the comic is one of those things which it is difficult to analyze or define, though most of us have no difficulty in recognizing it when we meet it. Not that the sense of humor is at all uniform. The musical "comedy" which draws a large and seemingly much amused audience may arouse, in one critically disposed, nothing more than a smile of pity for the feeble attempt at humor, and perhaps some resentment of the insult offered to his intelligence in expecting him to laugh at such inanities. On the other hand, some of us who lately attended the rendering of *John Ferguson*, were much annoyed by the malformed sense of humor of certain persons in the audience; a correspondent writing to one of our daily papers and commenting on this, suggested the founding of a "Society for Exterminating Audiences Who Laugh at the Wrong Time." Of course, in such cases the fault may not lie wholly with the audience—but as to this let the critic

decide. The fact is, the line between the tragic and the comic is not so very clearly defined, and for this reason the playwright or actor who seeks to appeal to our sense of the tragic is always in danger of breaking through thin ice and calling forth laughter out of season. The descent from the sublime to the ridiculous is perilously easy. Even in real life we occasionally meet with terrible illustrations of the close neighborly relation between the emotions associated with the comic and the tragic. There is an instance on record of an entire funeral procession being convulsed with laughter started by one of the mourners recalling a witty saying of the deceased; and history related how a certain frontiersman, returning to his home, and finding his wife and children murdered, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, exclaiming again and again "It is the funniest thing I ever heard of"; and so he laughed on convulsively until he died from a ruptured blood-vessel.

In the graphic arts the comic finds its most marked expression in the caricature and the grotesque. Here also we find a mixture of the solemn and the ludicrous. In his characteristic style, which is singularly adapted to this topic, G. K. Chesterton remarks: "Caricature is a serious thing; it is almost blasphemously serious. Caricature really means making a pig more like a pig than even God has made him. But anyone can make him not like a pig at all; anyone can create a weird impression by giving him the beard of a goat."

We are accustomed not to take Chesterton too seriously. Yet there

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is always an element of truth in his over-statements. And that there is some quite serious motive behind the frolics of the artist let loose, venting his humor in caricature, is evidenced by the sketches of such great masters as Leonardo da Vinci. Vasary tells us that Leonardo, if he chanced to meet a face of extraordinary character, would follow its owner for a day at a time, until the features were thoroughly impressed upon his mind; on his return home he would then draw his model from memory as if he were present to view. Lomazzo tells an amusing story, which shows how keen was da Vinci's interest in the humorous side of life, and which at the same time illustrates the originality of method of this wonderful genius. Leonardo on the occasion narrated gave a dinner to which he invited a number of peasants. He amused his guests by telling them funny stories, until he had them all convulsed with laughter. He then withdrew, and when he returned to his company he brought with him a collection of sketches of his guests which, by their grotesqueness, only renewed the merriment. A little gruesome is the report that da Vinci made a custom of attending executions to watch the facial contortions of criminals in their death-throes. It is supposed that his interest here was largely anatomical.

Next of kin to caricature is the grotesque. The term has been somewhat variously used. Without entering into a discussion of its history, or attempting a precise definition, we may accept Ruskin's statement that the grotesque is composed of two elements—the ludicrous, and the fearful. "As either of these elements prevails, it becomes the sportive or the terrible grotesque."

The psychology of the grotesque in

art is something of a riddle. We commonly conceive of the beautiful and the true as the theme and essence of creative art. But in the grotesque we frequently have the hideous, and always an exaggeration, distortion, or a curious jumble of the truth. In gargoyles, for example, the stonecutters seem to vie with each other to see just how ugly a thing each can produce. Speaking of the gargoyles of Weatherby church, Thomas Hardy, in the novel "Far from the Madding Crowd," says: "A beholder was convinced that nothing on earth could be more hideous than those on the south side, until he went round to the north."

So far as the element of the terrible in the grotesque is concerned, its *raison d'être* is probably seen in the same instinct which causes children to take a peculiar delight in terrifying masks and in stories of witches, blue-beards and ogres; the same instinct which lends even for grown-ups a peculiar attraction to ghost stories and spiritualistic séances. We like to be frightened just a little. We enjoy that "creepy feeling" of the graveyard atmosphere. In like manner the element of danger is the spice of sport—whether it take the form of scaling the precipitous side of a towering mountain peak, or the more commonplace form of automobile speeding.

In the more extreme forms of the terrible grotesque it seems likely that another instinct plays a part—the instinct of cruelty, a survival of our primitive animal nature. The reader will readily call to mind figures of eastern idols which have this characteristic strongly marked. But it would not be difficult to find striking examples of this class also among modern productions of the Occident.

If the grotesque is related on the one

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side to the caricature, its relative on the other side is the mystic. Art draws its themes in part from the real world, in part from fictions of the mind. Not only the furniture of earth, but the choirs of heaven and hell also have inspired the artist. The great masterpiece in this field of art is surely that wonderful prose poem, the Revelation of Saint John the Divine. Its population of strange creatures, uncouth in their mixed anatomy, forcibly brings out the relation of this type of artistic creation to the grotesque, where, also, hybrid monsters are of constant occurrence.

What Saint John, Dante, Milton and many others have done in this field with the pen, has been rendered for us with pencil and brush in unsurpassed excellence by Doré and Blake.

As for caricature in secular fiction, it is impossible to frame these words even without thinking of Charles Dickens and his inimitable illustrator, Cruikshank. And though life in a world peopled wholly with caricature would be an unendurable nightmare; though

none of us would choose Dickens for our sole literary diet, any more than one should attempt to live on salt alone; yet, like the pepper and salt in our food, a judicious seasoning of humor and caricature adds zest to life. Often it may serve to point a serious lesson where the solemn preacher has striven in vain. Laughter has proved one of the most powerful allies of the reformer. Ridicule will pierce many a hide too thick to yield to more gentle persuasion. With one dart from his acid quiver Dickens found the vulnerable spot of a multitude of Squeers. Caricature in this case proved indeed a serious thing, for the benefit of many a British school-boy of that day.

But that caricature is not wholly serious, that it has its refreshingly amusing side, for this we, living in a world not devoid of much real sadness, are duly thankful. For, most of us agree with Robert Louis Stevenson in that we do not want to pay for tears anywhere but on the stage; though we are "prepared to deal largely with the opposite commodity."

PIERO DI COSIMO

Piero di Cosimo,
Your unicorns and afterglow,
Your black leaves cut against the sky,
Black crosses where the young gods die,
Black horizons where the sea
And clouds contend perpetually,
And hanging low,
The menace of the night.

They called you madman. Were they right,
Piero di Cosimo?

ROBERT HILLYER.



Painted by Hans Holbein.

AN ENGLISH LADY OF FASHION. Probably Margaret Wyatt, Lady Lee.

CREATORS OF COSTUMES

By KATHRYN RUCKER.

CHANGES in the social and political structure that followed one after another in mediæval times, growth of wealth and power, and the development of the industrial arts of weaving, embroidering, and jewel-craft, created not only alone a love of luxury, but new intellectual vigor and alertness—a broadening of the mental horizon.

All the minor expansions of art that preceded the high tide of culture of the Renaissance exhibited an increase of individuality. The possibilities for its expression in costume gave opportunity to the rulers of men to attract attention, to win new admiration and social conquests, or inspire awe. Lords and ladies of the court were ever ready to practice that art of sincerest flattery,—imitation, and innovations in dress were eagerly adopted. The trick of inventing new modes eventually became so desirable to leaders of fashion and so profitable to *costumiers* that strange novelties succeeded each other with such swiftness that the fickle goddess exhausted her treasure houses, and soon had to metamorphose old into new.

Sponsoring Fashion, each new royal head thought to ring in her changes with greater *éclat* than had yet been known. Favorites, too, were given to sway the magic wand; and by high patronage artists in numbers and artisans galore played their part in the creation of costumes until theirs was the prerogative to determine the mode and dictate Fashion's mandate to less mighty sovereigns.

The king's chamberlain and queen's *maîtresse de la robe* had in charge Their

Majesties' wardrobes. They summoned to their service the best sartorial talent, expertest jewelers, most skilled hairdressers and finest bootmakers. With these, crowned heads conspired to create attire suited to their tastes, their times and their high estate.

Inspiration came not always from Beauty; personal and princely Pride it was that prompted those ancient autocrats of style to clothe themselves in splendor. Feminine coquetry has usually acted to enhance natural charms or conceal physical defects by dress; but masculine vanity often displayed no such wisdom. Bow legs and *gros ventre* are as boldly paraded in knee breeches and short jerkin as though Apollo strode within them.

It must be admitted, however, that scrawny necks and corpulent arms and ankles are today no deterrent to décolletage or brief skirts. But the graceful, trailing robes of the thirteenth century were created to effectively hide unshapely limbs, the unfortunate possessions of daughters of Louis VIII; while, later in the period, Philip III's wife adopted the genuine because of her long throat and flat chest.

Among early arbiters of dress in merry England was one Robert, who earned the epithet of "Cornadu" for setting the fashion by wearing shoes having their points stuffed till they curled like a ram's horn. Henry II of the succeeding epoch was dubbed "Short Cloak" according to his departure from previous styles in mantles.

Pronounced types of dress had been chosen by vivid personalities, and it is these that are the crescendos in the song of fashion. Queen Elizabeth was

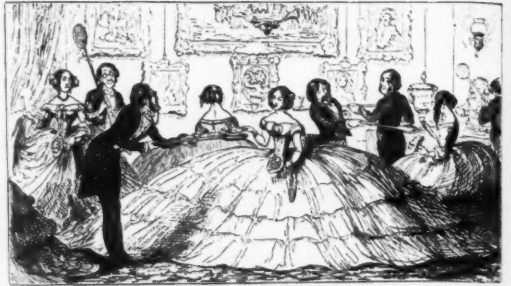
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surely one of the noblest. She was a clever adaptor, exaggerating all the foreign details of her mode into costumes strictly Elizabethan. But did not Fashion play a prank upon the virgin queen when captivating her with that evil device, the hooped skirt? It was originated by a wicked Spanish Señora as a means of adroitly concealing her lover when need be. Elizabeth was truly a creator of costumes, and no more characteristic dress is vouchsafed in all Fashion's category. The maiden queen died possessed of no fewer than eight thousand gowns.

The King Charles costume, in which king and cavalier of the seventeenth century were so picturesque, bore all the stamp of him who gave it vogue. It was elegant, gallant, debonnaire; it gathered ornament from Flanders and Spain, from Rome and Geneva, representing cosmopolitan culture and refinement. Van Dyck painted so many portraits of these brave figures, that the style of dress often is spoken of as "Van Dyck."

Louis XIV and XV each left his mark upon the world of fashion, and their various feminine favorites made no small stir by their surpassing costumes. De Montespan, de Pompadour, and even du Barry, one time *midinette*, wore the diadem of Vanity Fair. But not until Louis XVI gave Marie Antoinette to the French Court as queen, had *beau monde* beheld such marvels in modes, nor had the heads of women been so turned by dress.

The real creator of the Marie Antoinette fantasies was but a country lass who one day took a notion to find her way to Paris. Quick of eye and ready of hand, the captivating garden Rose became the famous Mlle. Bertin, milliner and dressmaker to the Queen, with easy access to Her Majesty's private apart-



Cartoon, of unknown authorship, caricaturing the crinoline.

ments. Unwittingly Rose did her bit, to the extent of millions, toward taking France to the guillotine.

She it was who conceived and directed the minutiae of the Queen's dress, out-rivalling all competitors in the origination of extravaganzas, she retained the Queen's patronage until that hapless lady paid France for her follies with her frivolous head, leaving Rose's account unsettled.

So extraordinary a personage was Mlle. Bertin that she not only succeeded in pleasing the Queen and Court with her creations, but in writing her own name indelibly in annals of sufficient importance to be preserved in the archives of the nation. And to her we doubtless owe our thanks for establishing a precedent—for records of later creators of costume. None before her had attained equal prominence, and none after quite eclipsed her fame.

Rose Bertin's success was not wholly a matter of taste and talent. Tact she frequently ignored, but she knew the value of advertising, and she was by no means content with but a single queen; she drew from all Europe, and had luck with queens. According to a custom prevailing in Paris after the fifteenth century, Rose sent dolls dressed to show the Bertin modes to every Euro-

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pean court, subsequently receiving orders for entire wardrobes for queens and princesses.

Later, the younger Moreau, a notable artist, collaborated with the milliner and dressmaker in the production of engraved fashion plates which portrayed her creations together with Beaulaud's. Fredin, Quentin and Picot were among her distinguished rivals, but Bertin's star waned only with the passing of the *ancien régime*, when she saw the rise of the new star that was to shine in her place—the celebrated Leroi, *costumier* for the Court of Napoleon.

During the brief period before Josephine rose to supremacy, Madame Tallien, that unscrupulous beauty who won for herself the title of "Queen of the Directoire," was high priestess at the pagan shrine of Fashion, offering upon its altar her bewitching charms unhidden by her neo-Greek garment of Egyptian gauziness.

"It was in no inaccessible Olympus that she held her court, but in public places amid the throng and press of the common herd. She was the Aphrodite of the people," says her biographer, Gastine, who further styles her "Queen

of shreds and patches." She it was who inspired and personified the mad *Merveilleuses*.

The time was ever ready to acclaim new fashions with new favorites, and Josephine's gowns were soon the models for all Europe. Leroi replaced the Bertin shawl with a shoulder drapery of rich brocade, and the Directoire folds with the straight narrow Empire skirt.

Though so largely adopting French and Continental styles, English sovereigns and social élite have originated native fashions that likewise found their way across the Channel. Buckingham, Beau Brummel, Spencer and Chesterfield afforded some rather lasting models, and the Byron collar and Prince Albert coat still are being copied.

The renowned artists, Watteau and Gainsborough, are claimed by Fashion in the name of a pleat and a hat, and our own worthy Gibson may be known to some chiefly through the medium of a shirt waist. In Titian's incomparable blondes we may behold one reason for the perpetual vogue for red hair, while Velasquez, Goya and Rembrandt gave life without end to the fashions of their days.

New York, N. Y.



"America Enters The War" by Mme. Anie Mouroux.

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Madame Anie Mouroux, French Medalist.



"Fraternity on the Battlefield" by Mme. Anie Mouroux who won the Prix de Rome, October, 1919.

The first woman to win the Prix de Rome, Madame Anie Mouroux, designed a striking composition for the subject assigned, "*Fraternité sur le champ de bataille*." The five other contestants were all men. It was the first time that a woman had even been admitted to the competition, since 1666, when the Prix de Rome was established. The successful design of Madame Mouroux, which won for her the Prix, a year's travel and study in Rome, was an ideal and classic interpretation of "Fraternity on the Battlefield." This was bought by the French Government and presented to Madame Mouroux's home town of Cosne, not far from Paris.

As is well known, those who compete for this historic prize are secluded during ninety-six days, each in a little cell-like room alone, where they must prove their ability for original creation.

In France Madame Mouroux has made many medals to commemorate anniversaries. An idealistic delineation of Jeanne d'Arc portrays the young peasant girl as a symbol of patriotism and suffering.

"More than any other event of the war," we are told in *La France* for March, "the coming of the Americans inspired Madame Mouroux. . . . She began to make studies of Americans. To this period belong: 'Medal dedicated to the American Soldiers: The hour has come (obverse), To save humanity' (reverse), 'Medal dedicated to the American Mothers,' 'Medal to honor the American Soldiers killed in France,' and 'The Guardian Angel of the United States.'"

General Pershing, who saw Madame Mouroux's portrait of Colonel H. H. Whitney, chief of the general staff, expressed a wish to have his own made by the same artist. He gave several sittings to Madame Mouroux, the only medalist thus honored, and she completed a very successful medal of the General, and another of his son Warren. General Pershing's letter of appreciation is one which Madame Mouroux prizes most highly. On the reverse of the Pershing portrait is the General's masterly phrase, "*LaFayette, nous voila*," with dates 1917-1918.

Madame Mouroux is now visiting America and has recently completed a portrait of the Honorable Maurice Casenave, Minister Plenipotentiary and Director General of the French Services in the United States, a strong and impressive face. Her medals have attracted much favorable attention at the Wildenstein Galleries. She has now taken a studio on the top of the Woman's Exchange at Madison Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, New York, where she adds interior decoration to her many other achievements. Madame Mouroux's thoroughness in everything she undertakes is illustrated by her exceptional mastery of the English language

—G. R. BRIGHAM.

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A John Burroughs Art Exhibition at The Ehrich Galleries.

Artistic Fifth Avenue has seldom if ever before enjoyed an individual exhibition exactly comparable to the one now installed at the Ehrich Galleries. This is a gathering of portraits of, and sketches of, scenes intimately associated with the poet-naturalist John Burroughs, author of "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," and countless others writings that for more than a generation already have helped make the great heart of Nature literally an open book to men, women and children wherever the English language is read. All these pictures, from the academic presentment lent by Yale University to the fragmentary pencil notes of some fleeting characteristic pose or gesture, are by one artist, Orlando Rouland, a portrait painter of national reputation. Thus we have in a double sense an individual or "one-man" show, yet full of variety and interest. There is a literary tang to it, as attractive as unusual. Burroughs the man, quite independently of the literary savant, was a lovable and picturesque person, and no one knew him better in such engaging aspect than did Orlando Rouland. (See cover picture.)

The artist was a neighbor and intimate companion of Burroughs during almost a score of years. He lived beside him in the log cabin, "Slabsides" by the soft-flowing Esopus in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains, and entertained him on return visits at his New York home and studio, or in the Long Island "Fish-house," which the naturalist re-christened "Slabsides-by-the-Sea." More than once the two roamed together around Washington, the National Capital, where in Civil War days Burroughs and Walt Whitman worked together in the Treasury Department, and where "Wake Robin" was written. During a hundred walks and talks, in woods and fields, in library and studio, the "documents" were gathered for these serial portraits, so to speak, of John Burroughs in his habit as he lived—and talked and wrote. For nearly every one of Rouland's portraits, some of which were brushed in at a single sitting, others sketched surreptitiously without the genial or meditative philosopher knowing of it at the time, carries some special note of reminiscence or comment.

One of the finest of the finished oil studies, quite the peer of the standard Yale portrait, and which ought to find a Museum niche as companion to Alexander's Walt Whitman, is the contemplative pose bearing date of 1911. Burroughs specially favored it, and wrote: "It sums me up pretty well. That's how I feel most of the time."

Further back (1903), and reflecting more relaxed moods, are: "Seated in Log Cabin, Twilight Park, Catskills—"Telling of Trip Through the Yellowstone with Colonel Roosevelt," and "Painted at Slabsides—Discussing and Cussing Nature Fakirs." The picture-record of 1907 shows Burroughs as a convalescent, visiting in the artist's home in New York, on which occasion he wrote a letter to President Roosevelt expressing his joy at the recovery of his friend's son, Archie: "When such a danger as that threatens one's child, how vain and empty seems all the applause of the world. Your affectionate, OOM JOHN."

There is a homely view of the bouldered field at Roxbury, N. Y., showing Woodchuck Lodge and the old gray barn where "Barndoor Studies" were written, and the farmer-vagabond coming up the road is Burroughs himself. Then we have a view of the old Burroughs farm, his birth-place, with the veritable "little red schoolhouse" over the brow of the hill in the middle distance, and on the right the "Maplebrush" of many sugared passages in his writings.

HENRY TYRRELL.

The American School in France for Prehistoric Studies.

Professor George Grant MacCurdy has leave of absence from Yale University for the academic year of 1921-22. With Mrs. MacCurdy he sails for Europe on June 18th as the first Director of the American School in France for Prehistoric Studies. The School opens at the rock shelter of La Quina near Villebois-Lavalette (Charente) on July 1st.

An Unpublished Verestchagin.

Among the Russian "purpose painters" of the nineteenth century Verestchagin stands supreme. The great Tretiakoff Gallery in Moscow contains three rooms devoted to his works. There are many of his canvasses in the Gallery of Alexander III at Petrograd and numerous examples of his work in private collections in Europe and this country. Among them all there are few in which he does not indict the old Russian régime and in most of them he portrays the horrors of war as they are nowhere else painted. His pyramid of grisly skulls from which the sated vultures rise,



An unpublished Verestchagin, "The Morning Cloud", Toledo Art Museum, L. E. Lord.

entitled, "The Apotheosis of War, dedicated to all conquerors, past, present and to come," is but a single example of his well known style.

"The Morning Cloud," reproduced here for the first time, is an example of this Russian artist's work in an entirely new field. It is the property of the Toledo Museum of Art. To the artist's signature is added the date, 1903. In 1904 Verestchagin went to the Japanese front to secure material for a new series of war pictures. He was killed that same year when the Russian battleship to which he was assigned was sunk by the Japanese. This picture is, then, one of his last works if not the final canvass.

The dawn is breaking and from the embrace of the rugged mountain rises the cloud which has rested there during the night. The spirit of the mountain is the drowsy giant whose immobility seems to unite him indissolubly with the crag on which he sits. The Cloud Spirit floats upward on the "wings of the morning" wrapped in all the delicate color that the "rosy fingered dawn" flings forth. From the abyss below where sable night still lingers, an eagle rises up to greet the dawn and join the Spirit of the Clouds as she drifts lightly from her couch on the breath of the morning wind. The drawing may not satisfy at every point but the harmony of colors, shading from the heavy black of the rocks to the delicate blues and pinks of the clouds that half envelope and half expose the figure, is masterly. The whole spirit of the painting is indeed new for the painter of the horrors of war.

LOUIS E. LORD.¹

Sir Moses Ezekiel, American Sculptor.

We publish as our leading article this month the address of Mr. Henry K. Bush-Brown, delivered at the memorial service in honor of the late Sir Moses Ezekiel by the Arlington Confederate Monument Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy at the House of the Temple, Washington, D. C., March 30, 1921. This service followed in the evening the Commitment Ceremonies in the afternoon when the body of Sir Moses Ezekiel was laid to rest in Arlington Cemetery close by the base of the Confederate Soldiers Monument, Ezekiel's own masterpiece, and the Secretary of War delivered the principal address, reviewing the life of the American artist, and a letter from President Harding was read by Mrs. Marion Butler, representing the United Daughters of the Confederacy—"Ezekiel will be remembered," said the President, "as one who knew how to translate the glories of his own time into the language of art which is common to all peoples and all times." The occasion was notable as being the first time an American artist has been interred with military honors in the National Cemetery.

¹ This note is supplementary to Professor Lord's article on "Some Modern Russian Painters" in *ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY*, vii, pp. 301-12, Sept.-Oct. 1918.]

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Whistleriana in the Library of Congress.

A rare and unique exhibition has lately been installed in the Galleries of the Print Division of the Library of Congress by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell.

It consists of a part of their great collection of Whistleriana which they have generously presented to the Government and which has been thirty years, a large part of their lives, in its accumulation.

It is very unusual that so much of a man's history, the artistic, as well as the personal side of his life, can be set forth in so comprehensive, so sympathetic a manner, as this has been done by Mr. Whistler's biographers and close personal friends. The Catalogue which is issued of this exhibition is very skillfully arranged as to case and numbered items, enabling one to follow the artist's checkered, exciting and picturesque career.

There is a beautiful showing of Whistler's etchings, lithographs and pastels, books containing illustrations by him, various editions of his own publications, the famous "Ten O'Clock" and the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," catalogues of his exhibitions, letters to friends, original documents in the Whistler-Ruskin Trial, the Eden Case and the Greaves affair, photographs of his paintings and of himself, caricatures, posters, the Rodin Memorial photographs, and the letters from the subscribers thereto—the whole an intimate and interesting history of an accomplished artist and a peculiar personality—that can rarely be gathered together.

The Collection reveals the tireless and exhaustless work of the Master's biographers, whose own accomplishment exceeds that of the artist whose dramatic life they so cleverly portray.

Their gift to the Government is a generous one and will supplement that made by Mr. Freer, whose Gallery contains Whistler's paintings and drawings, thus making Washington the Mecca for students of Whistler's Art.

H. W.

A Rare Effigy Pipe From Tennessee.

Primitive man took to sculpture earlier than to any other form of the fine arts. This was true of the cave man in Europe and was no doubt also true of the American Indian. Figures in the round of animals were the favorite models. The impulse to reproduce figures of animals familiar to man was so strong that utilitarian objects in general were made to take on effigy forms.

It is not known when the American Indian first made use of tobacco as a narcotic. We know that its use had become a fixed habit before the advent of the European as indicated by the remains of elaborate apparatus for utilizing tobacco smoke. Any one who has come under the spell of this narcotic can understand why the red man should have selected his pipe as a special object of ornamentation. Moreover, its uses were ceremonial as well as personal.

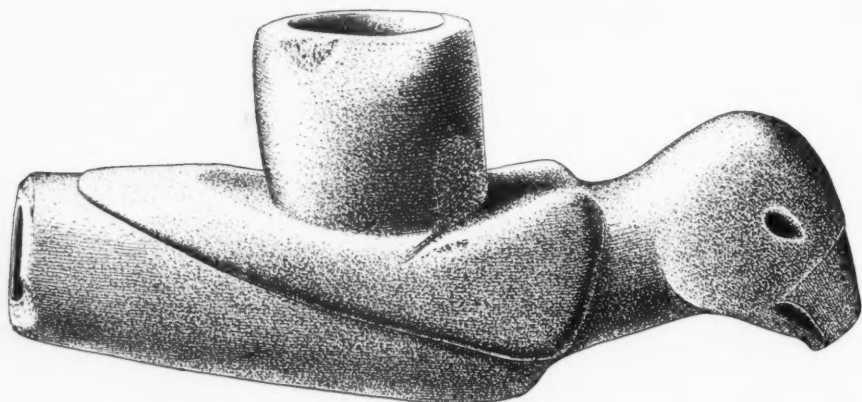
An unusually fine example of what is evidently a ceremonial pipe recently came into the possession of Mr. W. O. Whittle of Knoxville, Tennessee. It had been ploughed up in the bottom land not far from the McBee Mound (explored nearly fifty years ago by the Rev. E. O. Dunning and described in a recent publication by the author *).

This bird effigy pipe is remarkable not only for its artistic form and finish, but also for its great size. Its length is 18 inches (45.75 cm.) and it weighs 7 pounds (3.18 kilograms). The material of which it is made is a compact, fine-grained greenish-gray steatite, blackened and polished by long usage, except for the slight scars made by the plow. The effigy is that of a water bird, presumably the duck. In representing the wings, the short feathers are differentiated from the quill feathers and the tips of the wings overlap. The legs are cut in relief and the feet are brought together in a median ventral plane. It is difficult to account for the lump on the breast and the longitudinal ridge on the throat. The eye is indicated by a shallow round depression. Mr. Whittle has just located another effigy pipe from the same locality and almost identical in shape with, but only about one-third as large as, the one here figured.

The art of the mound builder reached a high stage in the shaping of effigy pipes. These are particularly fine and numerous in certain Ohio mounds, for example the Tremper Mound and Mound No. 8 of the Mound City group, near Chillicothe. From a cache in the latter, the early explorers, Squier and Davis, took about a hundred examples which were later sold to the Blackmore Museum at Salisbury, England. In the Tremper Mound, Mills and Shetrone took 136 pipes

*G. G. MacCurdy. Some Mounds of Eastern Tennessee. Proc. XIXth Intern. Congress of Americanists, Washington, 1917.

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from one cache and 9 from another. All the pipes from the first cache were intentionally broken on the occasion of their deposition; those in the second cache had been deposited in a perfect condition. The pipes from the Mound City depository had likewise been broken intentionally. All these broken pipes have been skillfully repaired. Those found by Mills and Shetrone may be seen at the Museum in Columbus, Ohio.

GEORGE GRANT MACCURDY.

Mrs. Nuttall and The Ulua River.

IN ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, Vol. XI, No. 1-2, Mrs. Nuttall offers some comments on a vase from Honduras described and illustrated by me in the *Holmes Anniversary Volume* (Washington, 1916), and afterwards reprinted with some verbal changes and with the omission of five explanatory drawings in this magazine. As a sincere friend of Mrs. Nuttall I must express my regret that she did not consult the original article, for the volume in which it appeared is one of a serious character, with which Mrs. Nuttall cannot be unacquainted. On the other hand, it would appear that the article, even in its original form, was not sufficiently explicit to forestall the errors into which Mrs. Nuttall has unfortunately fallen. These errors are indeed quite natural for they are based in the main on misconceptions that are very prevalent and on methods that find much favor.

Mrs. Nuttall observes that I made no allusion "to the fact which is so vital and interesting" that the principal units of design which I described "are conventionalized serpents' heads."

It is true that I made no such allusion for I was under the impression that these units of design are something quite different. So clear was this impression in my mind that I contented myself with giving accurate drawings, together with a photograph of the vase and the statement that the units of design are abstractions borrowed from one of the animal forms represented on the handles. My thought was that anyone who would be likely to read my article would need no further help in identifying the units of design with these animal forms.

Mrs. Nuttall proceeds with this statement: "These serpents' heads are clearly discernible in the photographic reproduction of the vase which illustrates Dr. Gordon's article, but curiously enough, are barely recognizable in the carefully executed outline drawings." She then offers as a substitute for some of the drawings that accompanied my article certain other drawings to which she refers as follows: "To make this clear, the Mexican Artist, Sr. José Leon has made drawings from the published photographs in which the forms of the conventionalized serpents' heads and the peculiar technique of the native sculptor . . . are skillfully rendered."

Now, only one photograph has been published, and this, the one that accompanied my article, was the only one to which Sr. Leon could have had access. It shows one aspect of a cylindrical surface. The drawings published by me were made from the original object by Miss M. Louise Baker under my direct supervision and criticism. They are accurate and strictly literal. More-

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over, they reproduce faithfully the character of the carving which is vigorous, free and spontaneous.

On the other hand the illustrations that Mrs. Nuttall reproduces are inaccurate in drawing and fail to show the character of the original workmanship. The fact is that there are no serpent heads at all on the Honduras vase. The devices that Mrs. Nuttall calls serpents' heads are different ways of showing the heads of the animals that are represented with more realism in the handles of the vessel. These animals are quadrupeds and the whole design on the body of the vase is made up of parts of one or the other of these animals as follows: the front face, the profile, the paw, the ear and the jaw.

Having started with a wrong identification, Mrs. Nuttall was quite naturally led into an erroneous interpretation, for being subject to this correction the meaning which she ascribes to the design loses its only support.

In her next argument, Mrs. Nuttall makes the statement that no true marble has been found in Mexico or Central America. It is evident that Mrs. Nuttall has been generally misled on the subject of marble for she claims that the substance found in the State of Oaxaca and locally called *técali* is not marble but onyx and that this is the material from which "numerous ancient vases and vessels unearthed in different parts of Mexico and Central America . . . are made"

Therefore, the argument runs, the vase which I call marble is in reality made of onyx, and since that material comes only from Oaxaca it follows that the vase itself cannot be a product of Ulua culture, and must have been imported from Mexico.

Here are three fallacies combined to support each other. First, that the material found in Oaxaca and locally called *técali* is onyx; second, that there is no marble in Honduras; and third, that the object of which I wrote is made of onyx.

As these errors of Mrs. Nuttall are based on popular notions and a habitual looseness in the use of language by writers generally, and on a confusion of terms, they had better be set right for the sake of general accuracy. The substance called *técali* found in Oaxaca, and used by the ancient Mexicans in the practice of their arts and industries, is marble and not onyx. It is popularly called Mexican onyx and also onyx marble on account of the banded appearance that gives it a superficial resemblance to onyx. It is a carbonate of lime with a compact crystalline structure and a true marble. Onyx is a hard silicious mineral quite distinct from marble and unrelated thereto.

Geologists tell us that the Mexican marble found at *Técali* in Oaxaca was deposited in the form of stalagmite and belongs in the same class of marbles as the so-called onyx marble of Algeria, the stone that was largely used in the building of ancient Rome.

I repeat that the stone found in the *Técali* district in the State of Oaxaca in Mexico is marble and not onyx. Mrs. Nuttall's statement that it is onyx and not marble evidently arises from the popular practice of calling it onyx marble or Mexican onyx on account of its supposed resemblance to onyx. But these facts do not fully disclose the error of Mrs. Nuttall's statement that "as yet no true marble has been found in Mexico or Central America." True marble has been known within these regions for a long time. Besides the deposits of marble in Mexico already mentioned, there is a well known deposit in Honduras near Omoa, adjacent to the Ulua River. This deposit was described by E. G. Squier in his book, "The States of Central America," published in 1858, in the following words:

"The hills and mountains back of Omoa have exhaustless quarries of a fine compact white marble remarkably free from faults and stains and well adapted for statuary and ornamental use." (Page 189.)

The same words are repeated in Squier's book on Honduras, published in 1870. (Page 125.) The deposit of marble at Omoa is not of the banded variety found in Oaxaca and is easily distinguished therefrom. The material from which the Ulua marble vases are made is identical with the marble of Omoa.

These considerations would seem to dispose of Mrs. Nuttall's contention that "Until other ancient quarries are found and it is proven that a marble was obtainable in the region of the Ulua River, Honduras, one may be permitted to question Dr. Gordon's view that the vase in question is of marble and a product of Ulua culture."

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The following facts are quite clear: namely, that Mrs. Nuttall's identification of the figures on the body of the vase fails to be supported by an appeal to the figures themselves; that her drawings of these figures are incorrect and indicate an entire want of comprehension; that her interpretation of these figures is without foundation; that her proposals about the material of the vase are made regardless of the facts; that her suggestion as to the origin of the vessel is inadmissible in view of these facts, and finally since her description of the use of the vessel is based on a combination of the foregoing errors, it is clear that her ideas on that subject must also be rejected. In short, Mrs. Nuttall's article has confirmed in my mind the conviction that I formerly expressed in the following words:

"It would be useless to speculate concerning the symbolism of all this ornament as it would be to guess at the service for which the vessel was designed. We are at liberty to assume that so elaborate and refined an object had a ceremonial function and that its symbolism corresponds to ideas associated with its use, but its interpretation is quite beyond our reach."

GEORGE BYRON GORDON.

The Arts Club of Washington.

The Arts Club of Washington whose activities are attaining national importance showed its approval of last year's administration by re-electing at its annual meeting Mr. George Julian Zolnay, President, Dr. Mitchell Carroll, Vice-President, Dr. W. E. Safford, Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Roy L. Neuhauser, Treasurer, with Mr. George H. Dawson, Recording Secretary.

The reports of the various committees evidenced that never in the history of the club had its activities been so manifold and it is doubtful if any other club in the country provides functions equal in number and quality.

There were 37 concerts during the year in which 69 artists took part. Eight plays, in addition to several scenes from Shakespeare presented in costume, were produced by the Arts Club Players. Exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, architecture, and the applied arts succeeded each other in which many of the foremost artists of the country were represented.

Among the innovations initiated during the year, the most noteworthy were the Saturday evening Forums which provide the broadest opportunity for open discussion and interchange of ideas concerning the great fundamental questions in art, of interest to the laymen no less than to the artist.

Through the regular Tuesday Salons and Thursday discussions the Club has heard messages from many American and foreign speakers and the almost unlimited range of artistic and intellectual subjects touched upon may best be gathered from the following partial list of addresses, most of them illustrated by slides.

Modern English Poetry, by Charles Edward Russell; The Arts of China and Japan, Dr. A. Hrdlicka of the Smithsonian Institution; Music and Drama of the American Indian, Miss Alice C. Fletcher and Mr. La Flesche; "In A Persian Garden," song cycle by Elsa Lehman, under direction of Mr. Paul Bleyden; The Reconstruction of the Parthenon, Mr. G. J. Zolnay; The Architecture of India, Mr. R. B. Prendergast; The Spirit of Gauginism, Mrs. F. E. Farrington; Hawaii, Dr. W. E. Safford; The Vale of Cashmere, Rev. F. Ward Denys; Shakespeare as a Philosopher, Dean W. A. Wilbur, George Washington University; Problems of Journalism, Geo. P. Morris; The History of the Cartoon, C. K. Berryman; The Bell Towers of Belgium, Mr. W. G. Rice; The Lure of the South Seas, Dr. L. A. Bauer; How to Build and Judge a Play, Dr. G. W. Johnston; How to Appreciate Sculpture, G. J. Zolnay; How to Appreciate Architecture, Mr. A. B. Bibb; What is Interesting? W. A. DuPuy; The Hopi Indians of Arizona, Mr. Will C. Barnes; China Past and Present, Dr. Paul Reinsch (U. S. Minister to China); What is Beauty? by G. J. Zolnay; What is the Important Thing in Art? by Prince Bibesco (Roumanian Minister); Czecho-Slovakia, Dr. Bedrick Stepanek (Czecho-Slovakian Minister); The Psychology of the Aesthetic Judgment, Dr. Tom Williams; The Island of Yap, Mr. Claude N. Bennett.

In lighter vein was the Spring Carnival, in which a street in the old Latin Quarter of Paris was built in the club rooms, and in which everyone appeared in costume; it was an unqualified success and has demonstrated that such a carnival, conceived and carried out artistically in the best sense of the word, could and should be made a yearly event in the life of the National Capital.

BOOK CRITIQUES

Venizelos, by Herbert Adams Gibbons. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. The Riverside Press, 1920.

All those who love Greece will read this book with the same thrill they experienced in learning the Classics. The adventures of Jason and Theseus live again in the personality of the Cretan hero of modern times who is silhouetted against the sky of history like some ancient God on the apex of his own temple; albeit no Medean magic, no desertion of Ariadne led or marred the clear vision which pierced through difficulties to prophesy results which it would bring about without the aid of the machinery of the Gods on which the ancient sooth-sayers relied. The labors of Hercules, the agony of Prometheus Bound seem but allegories of his undertakings, and remind one that the Greek dramatists and artists ever employed their mythological scenery as a setting for actual events. No where on the Earth has human character and political passions remained so true to types as in Greece.

Mr. Gibbons has outlined the biography and described the stages in the life of a remarkable man—one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. He has told us everything about him except why he was unable to hold the Greeks at the altitude of patriotism to which he had led them. For about the time Mr. Gibbons' book was issuing from the printing press M. Venizelos stepped down from power, went out from Greece—an exile without personal stain still beloved of his own party, admired by the whole world, and openly venerated by even thousands of those who voted against him in the elections which restored King Constantine to the Greek throne.

It has been always a fatality of the Balkan peoples to overthrow at repeated intervals whatever of real progress they have acquired through their own prowess or the luck of circumstances, in which their geographical position is the prize they are allowed to keep because its possession by any other one nation, or group of nations, would upset world equilibrium. One reason why so few even of the closest observers of Balkan events can grasp the paradoxes of volte-face which result from the pressure of any strong outside influences on these intensely democratic peoples is because whoever studies them closely enough to be drawn into association with them almost

invariably becomes so intensely partisan that his judgment is clouded and his utterances grow to be as intemperate as those of the native politicians and writers, which is saying a great deal!

Mr. Gibbons has not fallen into this Scylla nor been shipwrecked on that Charybdis. His book reveals clearly the mainspring of his hero's high purpose, his ardent desire for freedom of every Greek community from alien domination. It was against the intolerable thralldom of the Great Powers quite as much as against the Turks that Venizelos was chosen as leader.

In 1909 the Royal Family of Greece including Prince George of Crete were little more than the executors of the Great Powers who sent them orders and instructions as openly, if more diplomatically, as ever Rome did its Consul Herodes Atticus after whom was named the street on which stands the palace of King Constantine.

The Balkan Accord of 1912 was an unpleasant surprise to the Great Powers. Russia guided by one of her ablest diplomats merely looked over the agreement, reserving the right to restrict territorial changes and arbitrate differences. But of this not even Bulgaria took any real heed. Serbia and Greece in the second war acted on their own judgment for their common safety and aspirations. Germany was the first to recognize that these cadets among the nations had attained their majority. She sought the alliance of Greece and Bulgaria the better to make war on Serbia and Roumania. Russia already tottering in the dotage of her institutions began to lean upon her now grown up daughters for whom she had sought to obtain popular liberties greater than those she had accorded to her own subjects. Only the Latin and Anglo-Saxon States still treated the Balkans as inferiors who were not to be allowed a voice even in their own affairs.

It was with the ready consent of the Greek people that Venizelos led them to war in 1912. At his bidding they forgave the Royal Princes their previously bad stewardship, delighted to find them conscious at last that they were Greeks. This idea became the slogan of the Greek Court. Even Queen Sophia hurled it at her brother the German Emperor when hastily departing from Berlin in July, 1914. For nearly a year King Constantine endeavored in

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vain to wrest from the Entente a treaty of alliance on equal terms. Indignation at being treated like a vassal drove him to accept the contract with the Germans and to dissent from the policy of Venizelos who urged patience with the Allies and good faith with Serbia.

Venizelos' opponents declared that an independent Greece was a greater glory than the most brilliant alliances. When King Constantine arose as the champion of that independence, even against Venizelos himself, he took that place in the hearts of his people reserved for the high priest of their creed of Liberty. His mistakes and weaknesses were forgiven, his helplessness except for their loyalty and acclaim appealed to them a thousand times more than Venizelos' title of the Just.

As to the principle of the thing, dislike of Constantine and Sophia's pro-Germanism, it must be understood that only the merest minority of Greeks ever detested the Germans. Turkey and Bulgaria had been restrained by Germany alone from massacring Greeks as they never had been by the whole Concert of the Powers. Of the security which the Entente might give them there was little guarantee after Serbia had been left undefended and her whole population delivered over to martyrdom and pillage for three years.

The victory of the Allies and Greece's share in the spoils of war should have confirmed their confidence in Venizelos' leadership. The faults of the partisans and appointees of his regime were the active cause of its defeat. The persecution of anti-Venizelists and finally the assassination of Jean Dragoumis, a rival Liberal leader, in August of last year, for which barbarous crime M. Venizelos was in no wise personally responsible, horrified and outraged Peloponnesian and Athenian public opinion as much as the murder of Agamemnon must have provoked the anger of the Argive people. The younger leader's brothers and sisters, his aged statesman father, and the wide public to which his books (written in the popular tongue) appealed cried for vengeance. The story calls for a new Euripides or Sophocles to paint its horror and sadness. No real account of it can be given in the space of a book review, but it was an event which future historians cannot fail to give note in any analysis of the causes of the fall of Venizelos. The return of Constantine was the only alternative that could give peace to the nation. Mr. Gibbons himself compared the murder of Jean Dragoumis to that of the Duke d'Enghien which was the beginning of the end for Napoleon.

The tragedy unnerved Venizelos more than anything his opponents could have done. He rebuked all those who were even indirectly responsible, and ordered the punishment of the assassins. Thenceforth he refused any show of authority, submitting his party and himself to the people's judgment at the polls. No censure of the result has come from his lips or pen. In exile he has pleaded for Greece as earnestly as when he was in office. Venizelos the man will be honored in himself wherever he goes.

Venizelos' form will be the shadow in which Constantine must walk unless his own can surpass it by superior dimensions. Is there place in Greece for both? Jean Dragoumis' heresy was to declare that there could be a liberal policy in Greece without Venizelos. His aspirations to lead that policy committed him to two years of exile before his death. Conscious of the failure of his Cabinet to govern well in his absence, Venizelos preferred to make no real effort to gain a new victory at the polls. Spiritually listless he acquiesced for himself and refused to lend his sanction to any revolt of his party. Socrates himself can have drunk the cup of hemlock with no steadier hand.

M. G. D. G.

Discovery in Greek Lands. A Sketch of the Principal Excavations and Discoveries of the last Fifty Years. By F. H. Marshall. Cambridge: at the University Press, 1920. Pp. xi + 127. Illustrated. 8s 6d.

This is an attractive little sketch, with well selected illustrations of the results of excavations since 1870, written for the Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. It gives much information about vases, sculpture, and other art finds, as well as about archaeology and topography. The specialist will probably turn to Michaelis, "A Century of Archaeological Discoveries" (translated by Miss Kahnweiler) and to the detailed reports in the journals, but the general reader who would like to know something of the progress of discovery in Greece and Greek lands will find this a very useful book; but even the archaeologist will profit by this good brief resumé and find it a useful introduction to the subject. The material is arranged chronologically and the main sites are treated under an earlier (before 1000 B. C.) and later prehistoric period (1000-700 B. C.), an earlier (700-500 B. C.) and later historic period (500-150 B. C.). There are special chapters on Temple Sites and the Great Centers of Greek Life, Delphi, Olympia, etc. There is a useful bibliography and a list of the more important excavations in chronological and topographical order.

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The Greek Theatre of the Fifth Century before Christ. By James Turner Allen. Berkeley: The University of California Press. 1920. Pp. x+119. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Many books and articles have been appearing on the Greek theater and drama in the last few years, the most important being Flickinger's "The Greek Theatre and its Drama." Professor Allen has been interested in the Greek drama for many years and has already published several articles and reviews on literary and archaeological problems connected with the Greek drama. But the problem of the reconstruction of the fifth century theatre at Athens has had for him a strange fascination and he has devoted many hours to it and finally got a clue to its solution in the spring of 1918 when he published his short article "The Key to the Reconstruction of the Fifth Century Theatre at Athens." The nature of this clue is set forth in Chapter III, and illustrated by Fig. 20 on page 30. Here the inner corners of the *paraskenia* of the Lycurgeoan scene-building, nearest the orchestra, coincide exactly with the inner edge of the retaining wall of the old orchestra terrace, and it is shown that the inner sides of the *paraskenia* and the wall connecting them at the rear exactly fit the circle of the old terrace. The north-south diameter of the remaining portion of this terrace is the same as that of the fourth-century orchestra, for if a line be drawn between the *paraskenia* and at the same distance back from their front line as the Hellenistic *proskension* stood back of the Hellenistic *paraskenia* (about four feet) this line is an exact chord of the outer circle of the old terrace wall. These certainly are striking coincidences, so that it would seem that Professor Allen has really made an important discovery. He draws the conclusion that before the position of the theatre was moved, the scene building had been erected both on and about the orchestra terrace. In other words the Lycurgeoan orchestra was merely a counterpart of the Sophoclean and Euripidean orchestra, which was probably used also for the last plays of Aeschylus. Professor Allen further thinks (see especially Chapter VIII. "The Origin of the Proskension") that the fifth-century scene building served as a model for the building which replaced it later. He thinks (Chapter IV, "The Evidence of the Dramas") that the *skene* (hut or booth) which was at first a flimsy structure, came in the fifth century to be a substantial building, two stories high. The book is written in a readable, interesting and attractive style.

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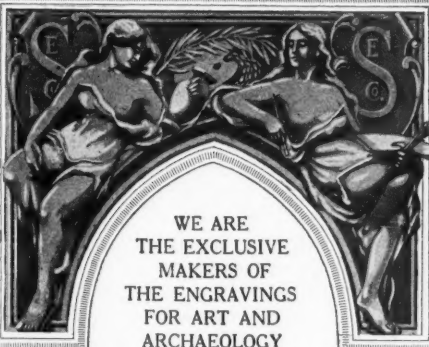
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